

A New-Years-Gift.

To the Honourable

Admiral Ruffel,

On his *Glorious Victory* over the *French Fleet*.

Long did the Languishing *Brittania* grown
Beneath *French* Power on the *English* Throne!
French Councils, *French* Debauch'ry rul'd the Rost,
And gen'rous *English* Courage quite was lost.
Blake, *Deane*, and *Lawson*, whose each single Name,
Without an *Epithet*, swells the *Cheeks of Fame*;
England's brave Hero's, who disdain'd to Bear
The *Romish* Yoak, or *Gallic* Fetters wear;
Who all the *Naval* Power of *Europe* Sway'd,
And sturdy *Algerines* their Laws obey'd:
Loaden with glory, *These* their Lives resign,
And their lov'd Names in Fames bright Annals shine.
Great *Ruport*, and brave *Monk* a while Support
The *English* Valour, since made *Europes* sport,

With these fell th' Honour of our *English* Fleet,
Degenerate Souls Degenerous acts commit
Soft *Dalliance* now *Emafculates* the Land,
Old Captains laid aside, and *Boys* Command;
For *Balls* and *Masquerades* highly renown'd,
And *Tilting* Beedles in their *Midnight-rounds*;
Effeminate Courts *Effeminate* Youths employ,
These keep not up our glory, but destroy.
An *English* King Mannag'd by *Bourilliony*
Is a fit Tool t' advance the *Gallic* Throne!

Thus *We* who gave the boundless Ocean Law,
And our Confederate Neighbours kept in *Awe*,
Scorn'd and despis'd like *Abjects*, were become
Slaves to the *French*, and *Profelites* to *Rome*.

At length Great *Brittains* better Genius saw,
The heavy Yoak her Sons were forc't to draw,
And with *Compassion* touch'd the *Generous Nassaw*.
Nassaw the Darling of Heav'n's kinder Powers,
Our *Native Freedom* to our *Isle* Restores;
Like the *First Kings* or *Chiefs*, with *Courage* stout,
He to the *Battel* leads his *Captains* out,
In hottest *Actions* *Foremost* he appears,
Nor shuns the *Combat* check'd by *Guilty Fears*;
His *Martial* Heat th' *Old English* *Courage* warms,
Rais'd, and *Revives* the *Credit* of her *Arms*:
From *Rav'nous Lewis* he a *Kingdom* tore,
Forc'd him his *Boasted Ireland* to Restore, (Shoar, }
And drove his baffled *Troops* home to their slavish }
With winged *Force* pursues him on the *Main*,
And checks the *Progress* of his *Grand Campaign*;
Whilst shifting *Luxemburgh* in *Entrenchments* hides
His sneaking *Troops*, and *Fastnesses* provides:
His vaunting *Squadrons* dares not ours engage,
But dread the shock of *Conq'ring Nassaw's* *Rage*;
The *Battel* of the glorious *Field* they shun,
And avoiding *Fighting*, may be said to *Run*.

Brave *England's* *King*, who knows not to b' affraid,
Hath all the *Daring* *Stratagems* essay'd,
But all in vain, since the *Inglorious French*,
Fearful of *Vengeance*, meanly do *Entrench*.

Honour

*Honour and Arms Great Orange Nobly Courts,
Lewis to Treacherous Poisonings Resorts;
Conscious, when those his hellish Arts shall fail,
He ne're can by his Guilty Arms prevail.*

On the *French* Conquests now our Monarch stands
And makes them Tributary to our Bands,
With *English* Troops *Dunkirk* in Pound he keeps,
And betwixt *Lewis* and his *Dunkirk* sleeps;
Dunkirk that's lodg'd in *Lewis's* panting Breast,
As of her *Callais Mary* once exprest:
Dunkirk before, by *English* Valour ta'en,
And for *French* Pistols basely Sold again:
Great *William's* Sword must now the Knot untie,
And regain by *Arms* what *France* with *Gold* did buy:

Whilst our great King, on Land, such *Glories* meet,
To *You* he leaves the Conduct of his *Fleet*;
You who have laid fresh *Lawrels* at his Feet.
Russel before *England's* Respects might Claim
For a *Champion*, and a *Martyr* of that Name,
You more a Debtor have your Country made,
And rais'd that *Fund* of *Honour* they had laid.
True to the Trust the *Royal Pair* Repos'd,
Their Interest and their Kingdoms *You* espous'd.

The first Years Expedition spent in vain,
Hunting for *Tourvill* on the Foaming Main;
That blustering Monsieur, who the Year before
Show'd his great *French Armada* on our Shoare,
Burning five *Fisher-Boats*, durst attempt no more.
At Land, and Sea the *French* like Courage show,
With equal Force they dare not see their Foe.

The *English* Navy o're the Ocean Rides,
Proud of that glorious Burthen on her Tides,
With Indignation scowres the Channel Round,
But neither *Tourvil* nor his *Fleet* were found;
Our eager Youth near mad with Martial Rage,
Hunting a Foe they could not come t' engage;
Perplexed, and Raving, scarcely they forbear,
With violent Hands their very flesh to tear.
Mean while our *Heroe* with great pain suppress
The burning *Indignation* in his Breast,
He forc't his swelling *Passion* to obey,
And for the next fit time for Vengeance stay.
Kind Heav'n agreed, and with a wisht for gale
Upon our *Fleet* this year drove fifty Sail,
Their warm Reception quickly made them know,
They now in earnest met a generous Foe,
Would try their Courage e're they'd let 'em go.
With pompous Rage the *Admirals* *Admirals* meet;
Ours glad they'd found at last, the *Gallic* Fleet,
And whatsoe're detracting French-men say,
But *Forty* of our Ships could come in play;
Th' unequal Odds our *Captains* scorn to shun,
The *Lesser* Number *Greater* Glory won.
With Peals of Joy our Men the Welkin tear,
And with presaging Huzza's cleave the Aire,
Glorie's their aim, and that they close pursue,
With warmth the *French* were unaccustom'd too.
Stout *Carter* who too early lost a Thigh,
With his last Breath did still the Foe defie;

He saw himself *Reveng'd* ere he expired,
And to the bed of *Glory* strait retir'd.

Through gusts of Thunder bright *Brittania's* hurld.
To find the *Mistress* of the *Wat'ry World*,
The whom vain-glorious *Lewis* built to sway
The *Ocean*, as the *Land*, must him obey;
May she the *Omen* of his *Fortune* be,
And his *Arms* at Land succeed as those at *Sea*!
Resolved *Russel* storms her lofty sides,
Humbles the vaunting *Motto* of her pride,
All heat, all indignation, peals of Fire
Break from his roaring tyres, the affrighted Air
Trembling and wounded, to the *French Coast* flies,
And Eccho's out their *Navy's* Obsequies.

Tourvill, with warmth not seen in *French* before
Receives the broad-sides which our Cannons poure,
He all his *Force*, and all his *Skill* apply'd
To keep Victorious *Russel* from his side,
But all in vain, *Englands* Brave *Admiral* knew
The *Oceans* Soverainty was *Englands* due;
Close to the *Monseurs* fiery sides he bore,
And with fresh Thunder *Storms* him o're and o're;
Their Murthering Ball thick as their hail shot flew,
And ev'ry broad-side doth their rage renew;
With Fire *Brittania* clouds the *Rising Sun*,
And in flaming Circles on his *Orb* doth run,
Arm-yard to Arm-yard closely they Engage,
And in loud roaring vollies tell their Rage;
Ne're on the *Sea* was greater bravery shewn,
Nor Honours prize with greater *Glory* won.

After

After *Five Hours* dispute in Smoaky Clouds,
Storming of *Hulls*, Rending of *Sinwey Shrouds*,
With all the Horrid pomp a *Naval* Fight
Could e're present, or Scaly Squadrons 'fright ;
The *Rising Sun* sinks in the Watry deep,
And his *Shining Glories* in her *Waves* doth steep.
Th' *Immortal Palme* You Mighty Sir have won,
And have *Eclipt* proud *Lewis's Rising Sun*.

So have I seen in a disturbed Air
Two Sable Clouds meeting from Regions far,
Grown big with Tempests, at each other Flash,
'Till their loud Storms have made Heav'n's vault to crack
Their Fires meet, and *Combat* in the Sky,
And *Bellom* out their *Thunders* from on High,
Disgorging Flame, as if the Globe they'd burn,
And *Earths Foundations* into Ashes turn ;
Their *Sulph'rous Store* being spent, they melt in shower
And Rapid Torrents from the Mountains poure :
In *Lightning* they begin, in *Rain* Expire,
And *Neptunes Flood* Extinguist *Vulcans* Fire.
Nor did your *Captains* little *Bravery* shew,
They signalliz'd their Courage on the foe,
Your great Example did their Spirits Raife ;
Each Fought for, and deserv'd a Conquerers Bays.
Your Master, on the Land, his Troops Inspires,
At Sea You Animate with your Martial Fires.
Three mighty Ships into the Air were blown,
Monsieurs flew *capering* up, came *tumbling* down :
The rest o'th' shatter'd Fleet make to *La-Hogue*,
And seek Protection from *St. Patrick's Brogue* ;

llie-Boliero's, who their Country lost,
Were now made Guardians of the Norman Coast,
These saw their Burning Squadrons in the Bay,
On their own Coasts their Ships became our prey.
Boast not of Mons, by Treacherous Priests betray'd,
For Namur which the Floods thy Captive made!
Whilst Heav'n with faint Te Deums Lewis mocks,
And with False Tryumphs buoys his senceless Stocks,
On his own Shoar his Flaming Flota lies,
To the English Admiral a Sacrifice :
Grave Russel scorns his Glorious King to greet
With a less Bonfire than the Gallic Fleet.
Methinks I see the King of the great Deep
With all his Trytons Halcyon Revels keep,
Glad their Right Lords Resume their Ancient sway ;
Twearing Allegiance to *Brittannia*.
The Syrens our *Brittania's* Tryumphs sing,
And in Shells of Pearl Quaf Healths to *Brittains* King,
The joyful Sea Gods pledge the Bumper round,
And with shril whistles make the Sea resound.
Stave a French-prize, quoth Neptune, and Advance
A Health to *England* in the Wine of *France* ;
That Conqu'ring *Herce* shall their Topsails Lower,
And *Tributary France* shall own his Power ;
Annals to come shall with his Conquests swell,
Turky, and *India* shall his Tryumphs tell.
To the *Levant*, and *Utmost East* then Fly,
And tell each *Port* this Glorious *Victory*.
This said they all Obey'd.

But more *substantial Votes* attend your praise,
Cæsar, the *Senate*, and the *City* raise
Eternal *Trophies* to their *Admirals* Name,
Shall equalize the longest date of Fame.
So the *Old Romans*, when their *Generals* prove,
By brave *Exploits*, worthy their *Country's* love;
Raise *Obelisks*, and *Statues* to make known
The *Victories*, and *Battels* they had won.

When future *Parliaments* shall come to Note
In their Records our *August Senates* Vote,
With what *Unanimous consent* they own
The *Courage*, *Conduct*, *Faith* your zeal hath shewn:
Restor'd its former *Glory* to our *Isle*,
And of a *Navy* made a *Funeral Pile*;
This in times *Callendar* shall far surpass
The *Roman Marble*, or *Corinthian Brass*.
'Tis *Englands Thanks* that are acknowledg'd due
By her great *Representatives* to you!
May no *Invidious Vermine* ever tear
That sacred *Vellom*, let it always bear
To future times the *Mighty things* you've done,
And an *obliged Kingdoms* praise have won.
May *pale* and *Trecherous Envy* ever hide
Her *guilty head*; whilst still each flowing *Tyde*
Shall waft fresh *Tryumphs* to great *Russel's* Name,
And far as th' *Ocean Rows* your *high desert Procl*
Licensed according to Order, E. Bohun

ADVERTISEMENT.

When this was Written, *Dixmuyd* and *Fernes* were in the *English*

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